

A Tragi-COMEDY, call'd

XXIV

NEW-Market-FAYRE,

OR A PARLIAMENT Out-Cry :

OF
State-Commodities,

SET TO SALE.

The Prologue sung by the Cryer.

Come, come away, to the Fayre I say,
for now 'tis the *Saints* Market-Day :
Here be pretty things, toys for your *new* Kings,
Scepters, Crowns, Diamonds and Rings :
Mannors for *pleasure*, good land for your *treasure* ;
good Peop^e, here is *measure for measure*.
Come Tom and *oll*, Jane, Cisse, Sue, and Doll,
and *wife* Aldermen of the City,
See but it is *Play*, and before you go away
you'll say it wondrous pritty.
Welcom, Welcom with all my heart,
For now the Cryer must mind his *Part*.

The Second Edition, Corrected and amended by the Author.

Printed at you may go look. 1649.

To be bound with exchange of books

To his Noble Friend the Man in the Moon, in Comendations of his
Tragi-Comedy called NEW-Market-FAYRE.

PROceed, Dear friend; and bid them doe their worst;
Tell them their *Acts* are like themselves *accurrst* :
Thine are more *blest*, and *happy*, that give *sight*
To *blinde-men*; thy *Adoon* ith' *eclipse* puts out their *light*.
But when our *Sol* but daines to appeare
In the bright *Orbe* of his Right *Hemisphere* :
Then shall *State-Glow-worms* vanish to their graves,
So *ends* thy Play, and so will *end* such *Knaves*.
Mean while thou hast the wishes of my heart,
This *Gold* to boot, to write thy *Second Part*.

Thine *W. M. B.* In Tem.

The Actors Names.

Fairfax.	}	Pride.
Crumwell.		Martyn.
Their Wives.		Half a score Aldermen.
Ireton.		Rainsbroughs widow.
Mildmay.		Two Cryers.
Skippon.		Three Messengers.

The Scene *WESTMINSTER*.



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Enter CRYER with a Crown and Scepter, a Cabinet of Jewells, Suites and Roabes belonging to the late King.

Cryer. **O** yes, O yes, O yes ; here is a golden Crowne, worth many a hundred Pound ; 'twill fit the head of a Fool, Knave, or Clowne ; 'twas lately taken from the Royall Head, of a King Martyred ; Who bids most ? Here is a Scepter for to sway a kingdom a new reformed way ; 'twas usup'd from one we did lately betray ; pray Customers come away : Here be Jewells of wondrous price, they will dazzle both your eyes ; come, come, who buyes : here be Suits of the Kings, Bands, Shirts and Shoo-strings ; Here be Sockings ; here be shooes and cuffes, and double double Ruffes ; here be cloaks, hats and gloves, Rings and Bracelets

of His Dear Loves; Here be boots and spurres, and bloody handkerchers; with his Roabs that be royall, his Watch & Sun-diall; Here be Cabiners with Letters, to instruct all your betters; his *Meditations* and *Prayer-book*, in which all Nations may look; here is his *Haire* and *royal Blood*, shed for his Subjects good; here be Liberaries and Books, and Pictures that containe his Looks; Here you may all things buy, that belong to Monatchy; Here's a Bowl his blood to Carrowse, with the Goods belonging to his House; here be rich *Hangings*, Chairs and Stools, belonging to the House of *Lordly Fools*; here be seats of *Wool-packs*, and many pretty Knacks. Come customers buy, for the STATE wants money, my Candle is light, and I shut up before night.

Enter Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, Pryde, Martyn, Mildmay, and Skippon.

Fair. Gentlemen, welcome to *New-Market-Fayre*; Here are Commodities worth your *Purchasing*; the spoils of *Tyrant Kings*, and of *incestuous Queens*, which We have crush'd by power of *Arms*; and made them taste Our *high Displeasure* at large, when *Victory* was proud to honor Us at *Nashys* happy Field. I hope you'll give me leave to chuse what I like best.

Crum. My Lord, the Fayr is proclaim'd, and *Free*: you have no greater priviledge then the meanest here; our *Interests* all alike in every parcell.

Cry. What want ye Gentlemen? here's *Stately Ware*; The *Goods* oth' King, and his Exiled *Heire*.

Crum. Where is the Crowne that Col. *Martyn* took from the Abby at *Westminster*, some four yeers since? I think it fits my Temples, and is the richest save one, and that the *Rebell Earl* of *Darby* hath ich' Ile of *Man*.

Cryer. Here 'tis Sir; try it on: So, now 'tis sure, And makes you look more like a King then *Brewer*.

Fair. 'Tis most my Right, and best becomes my head.

Crum. Not yet my Lord, till *OLIVER* be dead. Better to Straight, then to have none at all,
Were it but on, — yours should quickly fall
Here's a hundred pound in gold for it;
And here's the *Tuise* was given me by a *Cist*.

aside.

Cry.

Cry. A hundred pound bid for the royall Crowne of England;
who bids any more?

Fair. Here 'tis trebble.

Cry. Three hundred pound bid for the royall Crowne of England;
who bids more?

Crom. Ile haue in spite of Fairfax or Fate,
Although I buy't at ne're so deare a rate :
Here's five hundred pounds; and now 'tis mine.

Fair. But not so hasty fir; Here's a thousand for it :
And more; because Ile make it sure,
Ile give thee in my *Basen* and my *Fre*.

Crom. I caud the Owner of it loose his head,
And shall I loose his Crowne now he is dead?
No : Did it encompass the powful brows of J O V E,
I'de storm the Heavens, and fetch it from above.

Fair. Are you content to share it then?

Crom. No : A Crown admits no Rivall; Ile all or none,
He sits unsafe that doth divide his Throne.

Enter my Lady Fairfax, and Mrs. Cromwell.

Fair. Ile try that presently. *draws his sword.*

Mrs Crom. Doe if thou darst; *(she stands straddling betwixt.)*
Run thy Blade in'd a Woman, doe,
Thou white-liver'd Knave thou; thou art mark'd for a Roague;
Woo'd I were a man for thy sake. Uds-fut Ide —

Lady Fair. What woo'd ye Mistris Yest and Graynes; marry
feh-- Come up *Small beer* : You'd make your nose as red-hot
as your husbands; and thrust it into his *Fizzling-place*, woo'd ye
nor, Mistris Brazen-face.

Mrs. Crom. Call me Mistris brazen-face; ---; thou *Rotten-dam*
flut thou; --- call me brazen-face. Thou look'st more liker a
Mistris *fools-face*, or like thy *Husbands-face*, then I do a brazen-
face, or a copper-face either; Come, come; I never had a Bastard
by another man, when my Husband was at the Leaguer before
Breda; nor I keep not company with Cavaliers at Tavernes; nay
at Bawdy Taverns too, when thy *Tom Innocent* has been in sight.
Gorge me that, *Gorge* me that *Madam Turn-sayle*, *(make horns.)*

Fair. You'll peace you *Shoe-Otter*, Ile make ye take your Cop-
per else; and for *Divas-face* thy husband, Ile deale well enough
with him. *come fire-snows, dray.* *Mild.*

Mild. Nay, good my Lord, put up your sword; we shall ere long I fear have occasion enough to use your Valour: Fy, fy, in your own Country? wrong your own Country? 'tis the way to make us loose all we have got, and fetch the Prince in amongst us: Ile to the Counsell of State, and take up the businesse to all your contents Ile warrant you: the mean time you may equally divide the Houses and goods of the late King Queen and Prince amongst us; you two shall cast lots, which shall be King of England, and which of Ireland. *Com. Gen. Irton* Prince of Wales, my self Master of the horse, and clerk of your Majesties Jewels; *Col. Pride* will be content with Oate-lands, Wood-stock, or Greenwich to brew in: *Mr. Martyn* Lord Chamberlaine; Keeper of your Concubines, or Gentleman-Usher to one of your Queens; your Wives may enjoy all the Queens rights; and *Major Skippon* be made Lord High Constable of England; *Mr. Goodwin* Archbishop of Canterbury, *Mr. Owen* Archbishop of York, and *Hugh Peters* of London, *John Bradshaw* Lord Chief Justice, *Steel, Rulls*, &c. of the privie Counsell, *Pembrake* Controulour; *Dunbrigh* Yeoman of the Wine-seller, *Flemming* Master-Cook, *Selden* Secretary of State, my Lady *Kent* Laundresse, *Miles Corbet* Scullion; and then we shall have a Kingdom well govern'd, and all the People contented to the full: Is not this better then fighting and weakning your selves to strengthen the Enemy?

Come come, let's be all Peace, and cease base jarres,

Wee look for forrein, not domestique Warres.

Omnes. Content, content; all is Peace, all is Peace.

Mrs. Crum. But think yethat WE can brook any thing that was the late Queens; No, We was a Strumper, & a Baggage, and all her Goods smell of Popery, and savor as strong as the Whore of *Babylon*; If the Kingdome will not be at the Charge to finde me all things New, by my troath, I will not be their Queen. Doe ye thinke that Ile be Odious to my People? No; they shall be proud of the Ornaments I weare.

The Gods themselves shall for my Love implore,

My People (like some Goddesse) me adore.

Crom. Be but content, my Dear, the glory of the world is thine.

Thou hast both *Judges* at thy beck; Thy traine

Shall be held up by Queens of *France* and *Spain* Ex Om.

The

Scene changing. Enter a Surveyor, and presents a Landscape, wherein is discovered all the Kings Mannors, Parks, Chases, Forrests, with Horses and Deer feeding.

Enter a malignant CRYER.

Cryer. **O** Yes, Oyes, O yes, Who buyes any of the late Kings Revenue, belonging to His Crown, worth many a hundred Thousand pound is; Here be Mannors, Parks, Forrests and Chases, and good Timber trees that grow on their places; Here be good store of Deer, for the Saints to make good cheer, and grown Woods for their seer; Here's Cammels, Affes, and Hoxies, that will mount you more Forces; Here be broken Seals Maces, and Members with hollow hearts, and double faces; Here's Deans and Chapters Lands, and Parliament men with bloody hands; Here are perjur'd Knaves and Fools, that have undone Churches and Free-Schools; here's *Graspe & Bel-cause*, that intend to steal half; *Tony Mildmay* and *Lampier* are intrusted to sell Deer; here is Taxes of Gold-smiths-hall, Couzening, Cheating, Lying and the Devil and all; here is a new Art of *double* come in fashion, but hereafter 'twill prove *double* Damnation; *Iron* Reports the amendments of the Act, but you may one day see him hang'd for the Fact; these holy thieves live only by murder and stealth, rob God, King and People for the good of the Common-wealth; here is *Richmond* and *Hampton-Court*, and *Windsor-Castle*, and *Havering* for their sport; here's *Waufrid* for *Judas Mildmay* that with a kiss did his Master betray; here's *Holmbay* a prison to relieve, and *White-hall* full of thieves; here's the *Wardrobe* intended for the poore, and *St. Janes* that throwds many a Parliament-mans whore; here is *Tisbury*, *Royston* and *Newmarket*, to be sold out-right, or to be let; here's *Clarendon*, *Oatlands*, *Theobalds*, *Woodstock*, & 400l. per an. for my Lord fool *Pembroke*; here's *Bushy*, *Greenwich* and *Summer-set-house*, which will serve the Saints to inherit, and multiply their spirit; besides here be Offices and Gratuetyes. given for their brethrens lyes; each Parliament-man has 4l. per week allow'd him; besides the Revenue, which they think is their due. Delinquents Estates and Church-lands, are all in State-hucksters hands, yet still they be poor, and tax the people more and more; the Self-denying-Ordinance, lies in a trance; the war is unjust, grounded on covetous-

ness

ness and lust. Come Customers and buy — your own slaves.
Enter Woolston, Adkins, Penningon, and 4 Aldermen more with the Widdow Rainsbrough.

Wool. I have laid out large Sums in purchasing of Bishops Lands; heaven send me comfort of them, and grant I may enjoy them quietly. This news from Sea, and the Scots does not please me I promise you.

Adkins. I have purchas'd some too, and have money in readiness for more. Sister *Rainsbrough* you will have double share for the loss of your dear husband; enough to marry you to a Lord.
Mrs. Rams. Indeed the State is liberal.

Crom. I, so they are, of that that is none of their own. *aside.*
Enter Fairfax, Cromwel, Ireton, &c.

Crom. We must be sudden in our resolutions, all's lost else; Money is a moveable Commodity, let's demand a million of the City: hang 'um, they're rich enough.

Adkins. Do ye hear that brethren? *(lets stand a side)*

Crom. Tell them of Mannors, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters Lands; 'tis the way to make the Joints heads untrim —

Adkins. He do't in my Breeches first. *aside.*

Fair. But what if they deny us the money?

Ire. My Lord, I am confident they dare not: if they should, we can compel them: Here's an all, says my Lord, pray let's avoid the room.

Enter three Messengers running.

Crom. Some hasty news — pray heaven 'tis good.

Messengers. Here's Letters for the General. *C. reads.*

Crom. We're all undone; our Navy's lost at Sea; *Dublin's* taken; the Prince is landed with 30000 in the West; the Scots are advanc'd with five & twenty Thousand to *Carlisle*; the Levellers and Presbyteries fly to them; and which is worse, the People generally do our late Actions curse. We all are lost.

Crom. Ha, ha, ha; then you had best all hang your selves.

Omnes. All People here behold our miseries,

Who lives by Treason, thus by Treason dies.

Omnes. **F I N I S.** *they fall upon their swords.*

Next Week expect the Second Part.